



THE WALL STREET RUMOR-MONGER.

UNCLE SAM.—Well! Well! Will this nuisance ever learn that the country governs Wall Street; not Wall Street, the country?



A LINE OF ACTION.

"You see," said the young lawyer, "my client is accused of bigamy and he's guilty, so I hardly know how to defend him."
 "Why, that's easy," said the old lawyer. "Defend him on the ground of insanity and get a few henpecked husbands on the jury."

MANIFEST DESTINY.

"As a clog to progress nothing equals conservatism!" declared the young and eager.
 "But," insisted the old and cautious, "it does n't have the headache the next morning."

HURRYING PAST THE DANGER.

MRS. CHUGGERTON (*in automobile*).—Great Heavens! Jack, do you want to kill both of us? Why such terrific speed?
 CHUGGERTON (*nervously*).—Don't you know, Mabel, that we are now more than ten miles from a repair-shop?



A WANING SEASON SIMILE.

"Gol Ram it! They've got appetites like Summer boarders!"



IN ARCADY.

I WALKED with Love in Arcady,
 When all the hills were green,—
 And there were birds in every tree,
 With blossoms set between.
 Quoth Love: "Joy holds no more than this!"
 And sealed his gladness with a kiss.

I walked with Love in Arcady,
 When all the hills were bare,—
 There were no birds in any tree,
 Nor blossoms anywhere.
 Quoth Love: "Grief holds no more than this—
 What matters grief—I have thy kiss!"

Charlotte Becker.

GRAND OPERA.

"Nobody understands me!" cried Gottfried, despairingly.
 The gentle Gertrude shivered.
 "Especially in the recitative," faltered she.
 But why repine? It was grand opera or nothing.
 They were not clever enough to get into vaudeville.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

"Does the distinction between high and low church still obtain?"
 "Oh, dear, yes! Some churches are so high they have a turning bar and a trapeze in every pew; and some, on the other hand, are so low that communicants simply leave their cards."



HER CRUELEST SHOT.

MURIEL MEADOWS (*about to fire*).—I prefer a single-barreled to a double-barreled gun.
 HELEN HUNTER.—I suppose so;—one does n't have to think up *two* excuses for missing when using a single-barreled gun.

PUCK



THEY CONFER.

"Great Scott! They can make an ostrich look even more ridiculous than he really is!"
 "Ha! Ha! But they can't do that with a monkey, can they?"

SCIENCE.

There were times, however, when science, in the colonel's opinion, went beyond its proper sphere.

"Since my earliest youth, suh," he exclaimed, with emotion, "the wust rattlesnake bites, suh, hev been cured foh fifteen cents straight and handle the bottle youahself! What do we want moah? Mind you, I've nothing against serums, suh, in the abstract. But my hull nacher recoils at the thought, suh, of treating a snakebite by meah inoculation. If I kain't swallow something good and wahn, suh, I'd greatly prefuh, suh, not to be bitten at all. And theyah ah many of my mind, I as-suah you, suh."

REFORM.

"And was not the reformer affected by the piteous crying of her children?"

"Oh, yes! For the moment she was quite unmanned."

WOMAN AND WOMAN.

I am diffident of myself, and oppressed with misgivings, until Madge comes and whispers in my ear that I look beautiful.

And hereupon my doubts vanish, as why should they not?

For, of course, did I look otherwise than beautiful, Madge would not have whispered those words; she would have spoken them aloud, for all the company to hear.

A THEORY.

"I see that old Closefit has begun to wear glasses."

"Yes. I think he's injured his eyesight looking out for number one."

LIMITATIONS.

"Her novels show lack of revision."

"Well, she is very young."

"I suppose her mother hardly permits her to read what she has written."

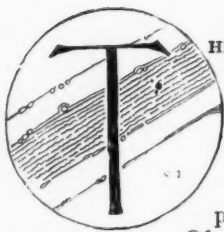


THE REAL QUESTION.

SHE.—Now the question is, where shall we elope to?

HE.—Oh, no! The question is, where shall we come back to?

One of the functions of Wisdom is to take the conceit out of Knowledge.

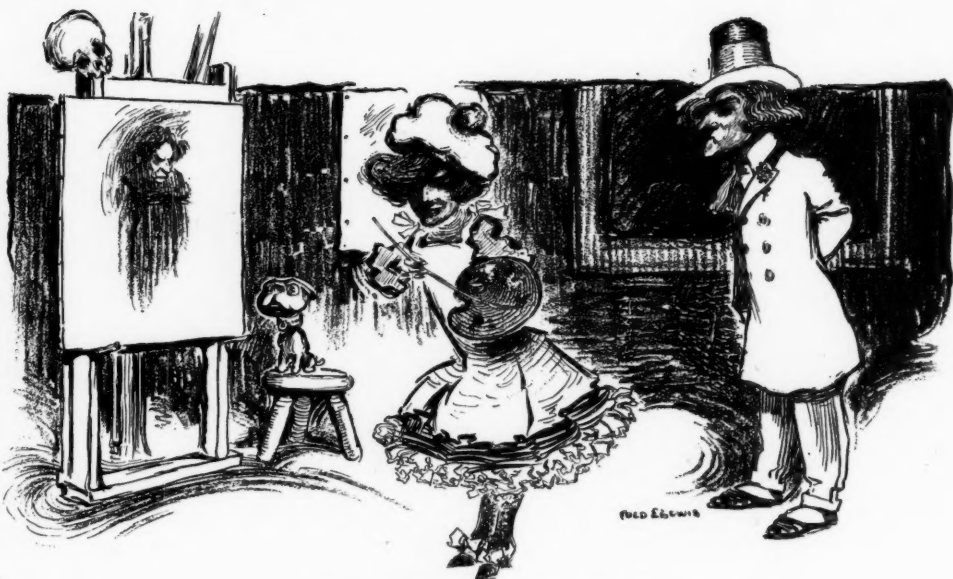


UP CONNECTICUT WAY.

THE State of Connecticut, which is about ninety miles long, something like sixty miles wide, in the neighborhood of seven and one-half inches deep, and of a light brown hue, according to the best geographies, is inhabited by nearly 900,000 people and fully 200,000 canes. Of the former a goodly portion are oldest inhabitants, some are maiden ladies with withered hopes, many are deacons, and others take in Summer boarders; and all are inventors. Of the 200,000 canes, every one was either cut direct from the Charter Oak at Hartford or is a lineal descendant of a cane that was once part and parcel of that venerable tree.

The climate of the state appears to be healthful to all but deacons' wives. The average deacon is either living with his third or fourth wife, or is calculating soon to do so. Deacons' wives die early and often, but the deacon himself merely acquires a hacking cough, a shaven upper-lip and a look of chastened resignation, which enable him to flay nearly all comers in deals of barter. When a middle-aged deacon and an orthodox Hebrew lock horns, an irresistible force encounters an immovable body, and he who triumphs creates an epoch.

There are two great natural wonders in Connecticut. The first is, that while Yale College is in New Haven, and New Haven is in Connecticut, no one has at any time heard a Yale graduate own up that he has ever been in Connecticut. This venerable institution, which is mainly devoted to the science of boat racing and the propagation of hair, grinds out, year after year, high-browed young persons who occupy the balance of their natural lives in upholding the dignity of their *alma mater*, while superciliously ignoring the very existence of their stepmother, poor old Connecticut. The second great natural wonder to be found in the state is the great wonder which all of the time possesses all of the people, and seems to be perfectly natural with them. Each of them mightily wonders, and is hungrily curious, about the affairs of everybody else. His curiosity



SHE DEFENDS HER PICTURE.

HE.—It is not what I should call a speaking likeness.

SHE.—Oh, well, I don't think many people find fault with it for having nothing to say.

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 3.



I.

Drilling them well in formation of fours, Hans taught his chums to keep step with their paws.



II.

Suddenly Dackel, the file-closer, shied; Duncie of a soldier, what was it he spied?



III.

"Mouse!" he excitedly yelped, as he ran; And after him galloped the rest of the clan.

about the great things of life is small, but his curiosity about small things is great. He is a walking interrogation point, and the stranger who falls into a back-yonder Connecticut village is speedily picked as clean as a toad in an ant-hill.

It is this curiosity which makes them a race of inventors; that, and their ever-present dread of the Poor House. Their curiosity makes them investigators, and investigation shows them chances for inventions. They do not invent things because of a craving for money for money's sake, but as a means of escaping the Poor House. From the cradle to the grave, the average Connecticuter fears the Poor House. Viewed from his bias, death, in a modest way at least, is preferable. Death is soon over, but disgrace hangs on so. Therefore, he invents, as the shortest road to affluence and the longest way around the Poor House.

The first peddler was invented in Connecticut. Noah Webster wrote his justly-celebrated dictionary,

PUCK



IV.
The fleeing mouse darted—you'd never suppose—
Deep down in the depths of an old rubber hose.



V.
Quickly he scampered the dark tunnel through,
While the others, to follow, had all they could do.

and invented many of its longest words, there. The clam, a very good imitation of something to eat, was first manufactured in the state. The steelyards, which, to this day, nobody can spell without looking at them, were born there. Goodyear, of Connecticut, made it possible for humanity to lose its rubber overshoes in the mud wherever the foot of civilization has trod, and Eli Whitney's cotton-gin is a good second to another variety of gin in the esteem of our Colored Brother of the South. The brass trousers-button of Connecticut is known the wide world round for its almost superhuman intelligence in selecting the most inopportune moment for popping loose. The humble, honest tick of the Seth Thomas clock has penetrated farther than the red-coated English drum-beat or the titled French dead-



VI.
And Hans, reappearing, drew back in affright.
When, instead of four comrades, just one met his sight.

beat. The best axes in the world are manufactured at Collinsville, the finest onions at Weathersfield, very mysterious noises at Moodus, the great Barnum Circus at Bridgeport, and the rampant, ring-tailed cyclone of the Far West is literally infested with hats from Danbury. Many other useful things are manufactured in Connecticut; notable among which are revolvers, Sumatra tobacco, missionaries, oysters, Pain Killer, fire insurance, reforms, automobiles, corsets, doctrinal differences, rum, statistics, lobsters, gun-powder, cranberries, embroidery silk, and genuine Yankee dialect.

Connecticut is always busy, shrewd and economical; its faults are small, its virtues many and large. But, beyond all else, let us pause, with bared heads and reverend mien, to admire and envy the state for its possession

of the unique distinction of having builded a State House according to the original plans and within the appropriation made for it. Great—oh, very great, is little old Connecticut!

Tom P. Morgan.



EVIDENCE.

MISS BUNKER.—A person of great self-restraint, is n't he?
MR. HAZARD.—Exceptional. He fozzles silently.

LIVING.

"I daresay the cost of living has been greatly reduced in five hundred years."

"Oh, yes! In the nineteenth century the ancient records tell us, a simple operation for appendicitis cost two hundred dollars."

HER SCALE OF PRICES.

UNCLE EPH.—Ef yo' can't un'erstan' yo' dream, yo' go an' see ole Mammy Jonsing. She 'll read it fo' yo'.

PETE.—What she charge?

UNCLE EPH.—A nickel fo' dreams an' a dime fo' nightmares.

LOVE HAS certainly shown himself blind to the distinctions between an angel without wings and a goose without wings, if, indeed, there be any such.



The straight and narrow path would not probably be so narrow if more people walked in it.



PROGRESS.

YOUNG DOCTOR (*with youthful misgivings*).—Where is our boasted progress? As many die as ever.
 OLD DOCTOR.—Doubtless. But it costs them more than it ever did before.

In the millennium people will behave themselves without knowing it. Otherwise there would be difficulty with small boys.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

NATIONAL HONOR AT WORK.

NOTWITHSTANDING the word of the Protective Tariff League that Cuban Reciprocity must never be, the administration goes recklessly on preparing for it. The treaty is to share with the currency problem the earliest attentions of Congress, "national honor" demanding its passage. Meanwhile, in regard to the Philippines, national honor is oddly silent. Honor demands reciprocity with Cuba, an independent state, but dispenses with lofty ideals where our own territory is concerned. The distinction is a pretty one, especially as some of the sternest defenders of the tariff have been among the most moving speakers on "our duty in the Far East," "our solemn responsibilities" and "the task of uplifting and enlightening an unfortunate people." With sympathy unselfish, it will be recalled, we extended our flag to the hapless Filipino; and at the same time, the protection which it affords—the high protection of the Dingley tariff. With paternal love, we forwarded, also, skilled teachers, who were to lead the Filipinos in the ways of light; and then, as an initial lesson, just to help the teachers along, we exacted on Philippine products seventy-five per cent. of the duties levied in Spanish days, prior to the epoch of benevolence. Missionaries, too, went out, rich in the moral support of the government. Summed up, we gave to the Filipino a nice flag, some choice education and the best Christianity obtainable, but common justice, "mere elementary decency," we sturdily withheld. Porto Rican trade is wholly free, and till like commercial benefits are granted to the Philippines, the prevailing note in "duty" talks will be the soft purr of hypocrisy.

THE PRACTICAL PEACE-MAKER.

THE ACTS of Lord Salisbury, aristocrat and loyal Tory, may well be termed the dividing lines between British enmity and British cordiality, toward America. At a time when, on England's threshold, American fleets are received with lavish honors, their officers feted and their crews applauded; when the pro-American speech, at large London functions, is almost as orthodox as the toast to the King, it is hard to conceive that Great Britain and the United States were ever else than the staunchest friends, much less stubborn enemies. Yet history is relentless and replete with ugly details, till the era of Salisbury. The latter, in his office of prime minister, did scarcely replace antagonism with friendship on purely moral grounds, or on the broad principle that we should love our enemies; but he, apparently, was the first big Britain to discern that the Anglo-Saxon race, as embodied in the English and American nations, was better united than divided, better allied than estranged. Hence, his Venezuelan policy and later, the strict neutrality of Great Britain throughout the Spanish-American war. To Lord Salisbury, in brief, the after-dinner peacemaker, both here and in England, has been unconsciously indebted for much of his subject matter. And this indebtedness, death did not undue.

CONCERNING A SMALL STREET.

SINCE the recent fall in the stock market, the relation of Wall Street to the rest of the country is pretty well understood. When this nation is really *en route* to ruin, with ticket bought and passport viséd, we doubt not that Wall Street, along with other thoroughfares, will join it. That is inevitable. But we think it is

now established, and quite to the general satisfaction, that if Wall Street seeks the road to ruin, on a special train of its own contriving, there is no particular reason why the rest of our geography should pack up and accompany it, any more than if Pine Street or East Broadway should elect to go. When race goes, form players, *et al*, see track odds moving restlessly, they do not claim, as a rule, that the safety of the Republic is directly involved. Even the defeat of five favorites, a dire calamity in itself, would not necessarily spread the report that national prosperity was endangered. In fact, the racing fraternity, gamblers though they be, possess an accurate sense of their true significance, in the national regime. And theirs is a sense which other gamesters, manipulators of a different sort of odds, might very wisely cultivate.

THE PRESTIGE OF CREDIT.

MRS. AU GAIT.—Are you happy now, daughter?

MRS. EN REGLE.—Oh—so happy, Mama! Papa never would let us make bills, you know. It is simply lovely to be married and have great big bills coming in!

HOW THE CURE WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

DOCTOR BLUSTER.—What! The boy is well already? Well, well! A marvellous cure, indeed! What do you think of my medicine now, Dame Tackleigh?

DAME TACKLEIGH.—Wonderful, Doctor; simply wonderful! I told the boy, yesterday, that if that medicine did n't cure him, you were going to fetch a different kind to-day.

THE DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC.

The playwright laughed with fine scorn.

"The passages which they hissed loudest were stolen from Shakspeare!" he sneered.

"But how were they to know that?" argued the manager, ever confident of the popular taste.

LOUNGING.

She has a dainty lounging robe,
She takes two hours in its
Witching folds to wrap herself,
Then lounges seven minutes.



IN MEMORIAM.



A TIMELY WARNING
ROOSEVELT. — Don't go beyond your



MELY WARNING.
- Don't go beyond your depth!

PUCK

A CHESTNUT SONG.

OUT IN de nut grove on mah knees
Long in late Sep-tembah;
Seem Mis' Fall she's burnt dem trees
Wid a red-hot embelh.
Pickin' in de dry brown gras'
Whel de squirrels scampeh,
Chesnuds fallin' down so fas'
Almos' fill de hampeh.

Pick! Pick!
Pick dem quick!
Bre'r Squirrel beat yo', he's so slick.

Roastin' chesnuds, lil brace tad,
In de hot pine fieh,
Pile on all det's to be had
When de blaze climb higheh.
Rous', yo' lil sleepy-haid,
Doan yo' think of stoppin',
While de hearth am hot en red
Keep de chesnuds poppin'.

Pop! Pop!
Doan yo' stop,
Brownest chesnuds right on top!

Victor A. Hermann.



TREASURED RECOLLECTION.

"Good-bye, childher! I did n't think yez 'd remember me!"
"Sure, we does! De last time we seen yer, yer gev us a penny!"

WE FEAR collar-makers have set a warmer pace in the matter of romantic names for their different styles than they will be able to keep up.



WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

GLADYS.—She says she trusts him with all her soul.
ALICE.—But she won't trust him with her fortune?
GLADYS.—No; it's all invested in corporations which have no soul.

HIS NIBS, THE SELF-MADE MAN.

Now and then we encounter a natural-born ice-man. Some men always seem so very new, and others so very parvenu.

The self-made man is often a very good sort—when he's finished.

He rarely has the gout, but he sometimes suffers from over-exertion of the egotism.

Somehow, the ears of a self-made man often have the look of having been stolen from a grab-bag.

The self-made man escaped one great affliction: he did not have a baccalaureate sermon preached at him.

And, oh! if he could only remember that there are always others just as insignificant as himself.

We occasionally see an architect of his own fortune who seems to have mislaid the blueprint when he was about half-way through.

JUST WHAT SHE WANTED.

"There is something nice about you!"
She declared confidently.
He returned: "I can not doubt you
While your arm's around my neck;
But"—and this half-chidingly—
"Such conceit demands a check."

E. W. B.

WHEN YOU learn how difficult it is to collect a bill from some of our best people, you begin to understand that polite society is after all not altogether a vanity.

BEFORE accepting the inevitable we should be certain of its identity.

The "necessaries of life," as generally understood, consist chiefly of things we could do without.

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

(A confidential chat between the editor of the "Very Latest" and its readers, in which caustic criticism is implored.)



OUR FIRST issue made a telling hit with those fortunate enough to procure copies before the edition was completely exhausted. We received sufficient orders to justify a second run of 400,000 before the first issue had been in the hands of the newsdealers two days. That looks like appreciation, does n't it?

However, we are not allowing the many bouquets that arrive daily through the mails to steal away our good judgement. We understand that no matter how good a thing is there is always something better. And the readers of the *Very Latest* will understand this too when they see our next number. It will be gorgeous from the printer's standpoint, and its cover will be worth framing.

Now we are coming to the particular point of interest. We want to get in touch with the public taste in literature, and when we have done so will guarantee to supply the quality of articles and stories desired. The *Very Latest* has a staff of contributors who are masters of resource. If you want continued stories, you shall have them. If you want all short stories, you shall have them.

We believe that when we have received letters of advice from several thousand readers, we will know definitely how to publish the greatest magazine on earth. You will practically write the contents of the *Very Latest* yourselves. Could anything be easier reading?

But we are not asking all this attention on the part of our readers for nothing. Far from it. To the fifteen persons who answer the following questions in the most intelligent manner we will award \$30 in prizes, the first prize to be \$5. So you can see by this munificent offer that your time will not be wasted; and then you will have the additional satisfaction of actually influencing the policy of our magazine. The questions are as follows:

1. What do you regard as the best article or story published in any one of our issues between now and December, 1905?
2. Which do you regard as the worst feature of any particular number during that time?
3. Do you think the worst feature is much worse than the best; and if so, how much?

Let your communications be short and spirited. Don't think you can hurt our feelings. We will be glad to know that you are buying and reading our magazine, and will stand for anything you say.

Next month we will have another prize offer, equally worth your time and attention, in which opportunity will be afforded five hundred people to win a share of combined awards amounting to \$500.

Robert C. McElravy.

USURY.

You say you love me, Sweet; yet I implore,
Yea, I beseech, that you will love me more.
In love I am a miser and would fain
Exact a greater and a greater gain;
How shall you pay this greedy Cupid-fee?
In kisses, Sweet,—Love's dearest usury!

Clinton Scollard.

UPSET A TRADITION.

Naturally, the audience expected the villain to hiss: "Foiled again!" and slink away.

But they reckoned without their villain.

Striding to the footlights, he exclaimed: "Sherlocked once more!" and with a guess-I-fooled-you look at the astounded audience, he swaggered to the wings.



DAY DREAMING.

THE BELL-BOY.—Please, Mr. Gemsbok, the proprietor wants to know if you'd be kind enough not to sit with your horn against the electric button.

El Principe de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

LOG CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

'Take de worl' ez you find it—but don't try ter take it all at one time.

Wisdom ain't confined ter no locality; but sometimes de folks what stays in de valley is wiser dan dem what tries ter find happiness on the hills.

De long lane has a turnin' somewhere; but sometimes dar's a lion roun' de bend whar it turns.

Heaven only looks high ter folks what's afraid ter climb ter it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOT FINAL.

"I heard all about your little romance," said the returned Chicagoan.

"What's that?" inquired the Chicago bride, coyly.

"May Breezey was telling me how you met your fate, became engaged to him, and were finally married in one week."

"Finally married? What nonsense! Why, this is only my first venture."—*Philadelphia Press.*

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

The time seems to be rapidly approaching when the oldest inhabitant will regretfully recall the summer that used to be.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"A MAN dat specks dis worl' to rewahd him foh doin' nuffin'," said Uncle Eben, "is jes' like a man dat goes fishin' an' don' put no bait on de hook."—*Washington Star.*

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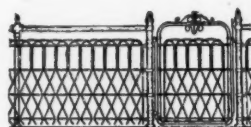
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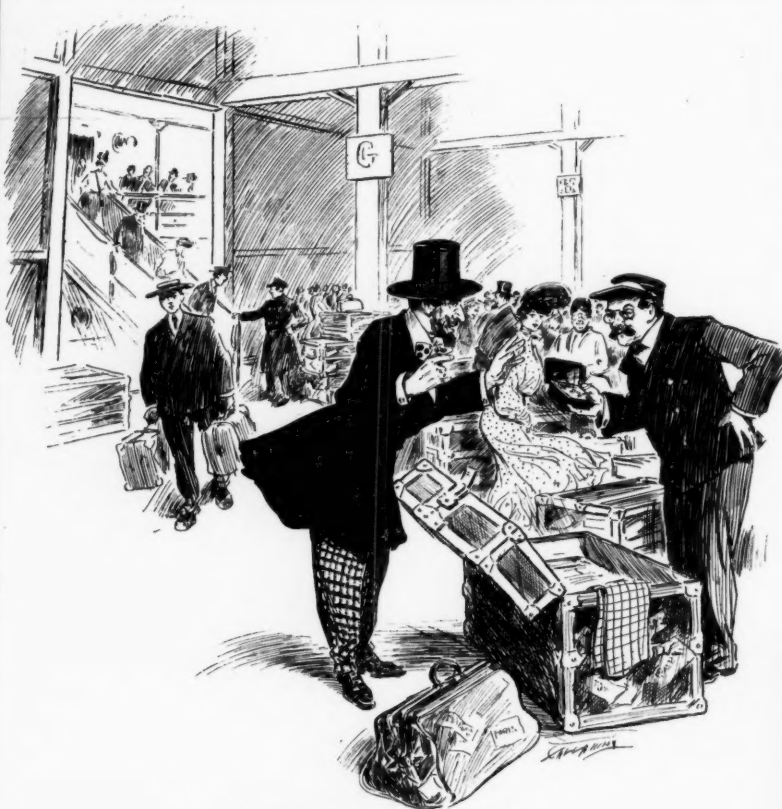
THE REASON WHY.

"I wonder why Jane is willing to marry that stupid young Sappington?"

"You seem to have forgotten that Jane is twenty-nine." — *Cleve. Plain Dealer*.

TEACHER. — Willie, what did the children of Israel do when they came out of the Red Sea.

WILLIE. — I s'pects dey dried dereselves. — *Boston Post*.



SOMETIMES HE IS NOT.

THE INSPECTOR. — You know what the law is!

THE COUNT. — But I am informed zat ze inspector is not so unreasonable as ze law!

BAD IF THEY JILT.

"There is an Ohio man with two hearts."

"What's the good of that?"

"I dunno. May be he'll fall in love with twins." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

TEACHER. — Willie, what would be the first thing to do if a boy should be sunstruck?

WILLIE. — Let him stay home from school! — *Phila. Bul.*

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original — Abbott's.

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How often does the examining doctor have to say to applicants for life insurance: "If you had applied a year ago you would have passed." Don't you be too late.

Shall we send you some literature?

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

THERE is a difference between the deserving poor and the deservedly poor. — *Ram's Horn*.

FRESH, DAILY.

"And do you understand," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "why you pray for your 'daily bread'?"

"Oh, yes!" replied little Elsie. "That's so we'll be sure to have it fresh." — *Phil. Press*.

OLD - FASHIONED people think if a man gets to be a book-keeper he is at the top of the heap. — *Wash. Democrat*.

The Social Charm

In the pride of hospitality the host says: I sought the best and now always buy

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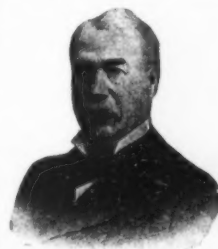
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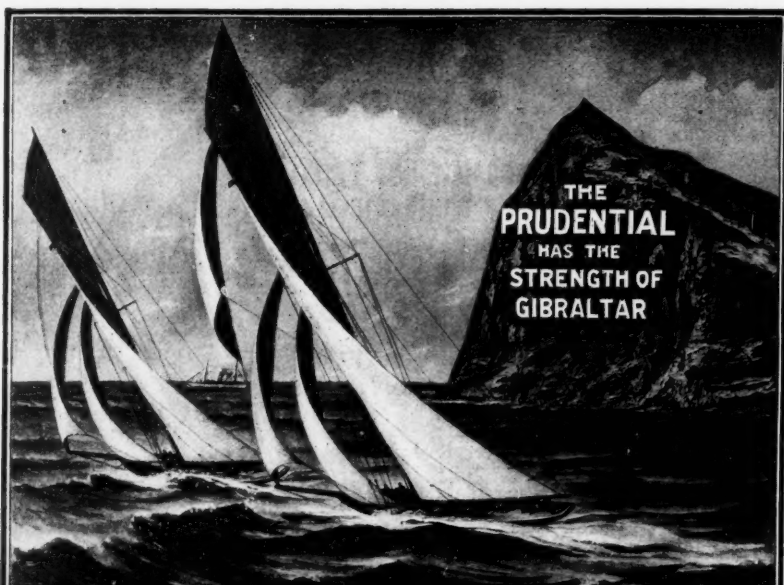
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BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



COMPETITION.

HE.—However, I should prefer to be at the shore.

SHE.—Of course. You can't expect to be the only man on a roof garden.

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For lemonade, water-ices, grape fruit, Sherry and all fancy drinks is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

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"I understand there are some very lawless people in America," said one Russian official.

"Yes," answered the other; "I am told that some of the oldest inhabitants, known as Indians, have organized massacres without getting a permit from the authorities." — *Washington Star.*

THE BRIDE'S CRITICS.

"Now, that we are married, dear," said the bridegroom, "you have a serious task before you."

"Why, George, what is it?"

"You must prove to my three sisters that you are worthy of me." — *Philadelphia Press.*

We would hate awfully to be as narrow as some folks are. Would n't you hate to be as narrow as we are? — *Washington Democrat.*

"Ef some young men," said Uncle Eben, "was as industrious addin' up figgers in columns as dey is gettin' 'em in rows on policy slips, I reckons dey 'd be savin' money." — *Washington Star.*

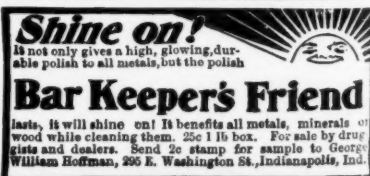


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It is a confection, yet a wholesome food, especially nourishing and sustaining. The only chocolate that can be eaten freely by children, invalids and persons of weak digestion.

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PETER'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Invaluable as a Dainty Lunch on All Excursions.

Avoid Imitations, which lack the Richness and Delicate Flavor of the Original Peter's Chocolate.

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Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

WOMAN AND WOMAN.

The many things Kate said to me I dimly recollect; you see My mind was busily at play On things—when she was through—I'd say.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ANCIENT LIMITATION.

Those alchemists of old,
Who in tradition dwell,
Oft claimed they could make gold—
But had no stock to sell.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SUMMER SOCIETY BURDENS.

MR. BROWN.—If we all go to Jones's we must start home early.

MRS. BROWN.—What for?

MR. BROWN.—Why—four of us and four of them—that's thirty-two good-byes that will have to be said.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FIRST NIGHTER.—The man who writes the dramatic criticisms for your paper does not know a good play from a bad one.

EDITOR.—I know it, but what can we do? He is the only man on the staff who is tall enough to see over the bonnets.—*New York Weekly.*

"MANY a man on the road of life
Succeeds where another fails;
Johnny is writin' stories,
And Billy is splittin' rails.
Johnny is makin' a name and fame
(He says) While the years roll on;
But—Billy is makin' the money,
And Billy's supportin' John!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

COMPLACENCY.

A lucky man his wealth displays
And tells you how he made it.
The hen admires the China egg
And really thinks she laid it.
—*Washington Star.*

NO ROOM FOR DOUBTERS.

Don't you ever stay in doubt—
Always hope ter win:
W'en melon time is gwine out
De 'possum's comin' in!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHAT ATTRACTED HER.

"How did it happen that Mrs. Flurry went to the races?"

"Somebody told her it was to be a bargain day in tips."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Evans' Ale

The Best that money can buy
or scientific brewing can produce.



THE girl who wept when things went wrong, has been succeeded by the girl who says words, she learned from her brother.—*Atchison Globe.*

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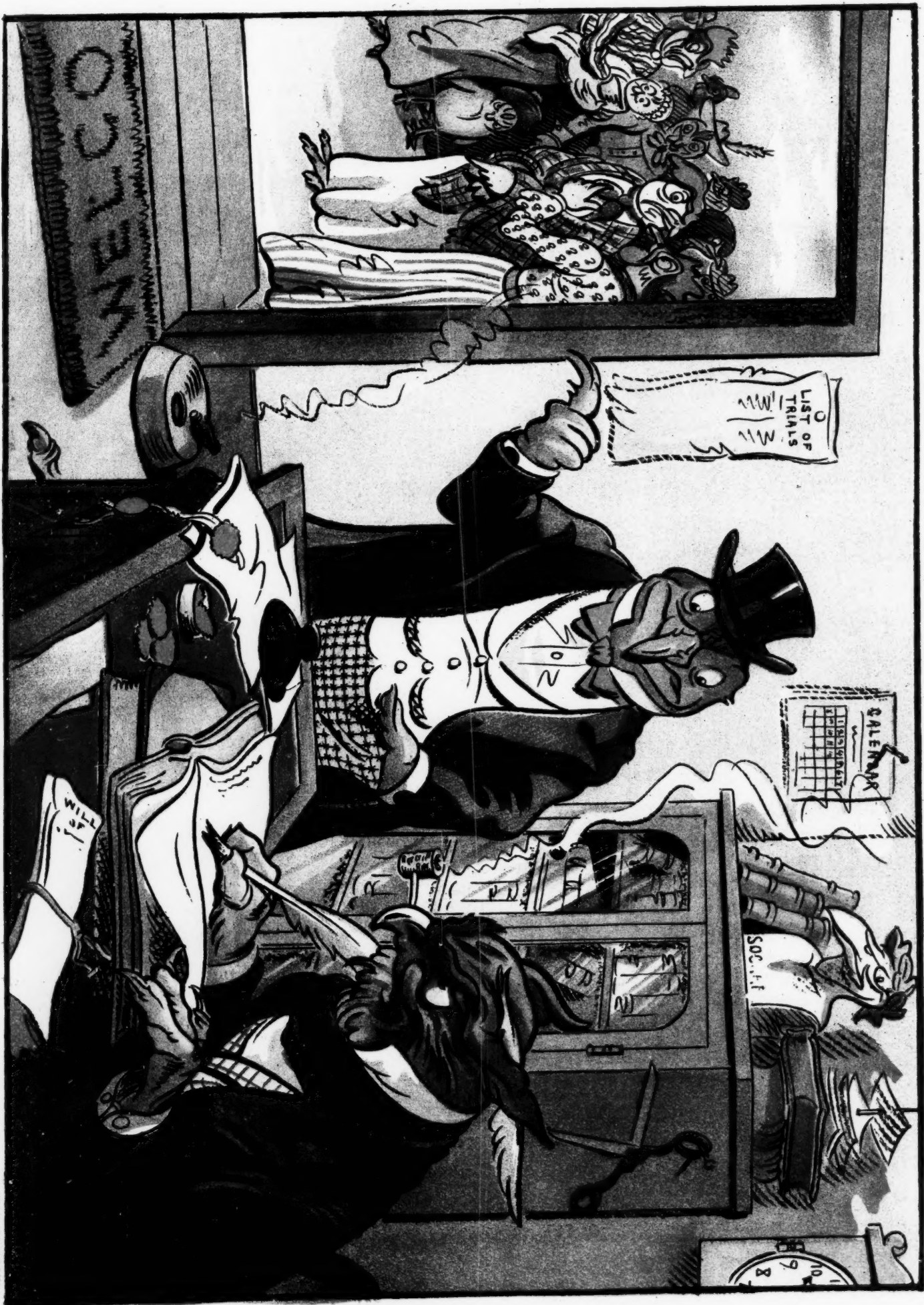
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THE USUAL THING.

LAWYER HAWK.—What do they all want?
 LAWYER OWL.—Why, it appears that the late Mr. Rooster, the supposed bachelor, left his estate to an incubator, and now the Hens all claim to be his widow.